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# Mapped



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## Chapter 1 by Emster

I had always had my life planned out in front of me. Everything, blueprinted to make me happy. Then I met him.

"Liz you know you are gonna have to make a decision soon! They are waiting." my mom explained, over the phone. She had been going on and on about the whole college idea since I started high school. Now that I'm a senior and school is almost out, she's been on my case more than usual.

"I know! I know! I'll talk to you later. I have to go." I said back.

"Ok. I love you."

"I love you too, Mom." I hung up the phone and went back upstairs. I had been living with my dad for the past month. My parents separated when I was twelve and it's been that way ever since.

My child hood mourning secession was ruined when I heard a knock at the door. I stepped back down the stairs and swung open the door. To my surprise it wasn't my dad. It was a boy. He brushed his blonde hair out of his face a began to speak.

"Um... Hi. My name is-"

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"Liz? Come on! I can't believe you're still here!" he said and I stared at him. Who the heck was this guy?

"Oh... well... Lizbeth. My name's Lizbeth." I looked down at my bare feet.

"It was nice to meet you, Lizbeth. I hope we see each other soon." he said turning away.

"Yeah." I said back. This wasn't going to be the last time we'd see each other.

## Chapter 2 by Fanwizard



Turns out falling in love isn't always what you expected. At least, that's what I learned soon after. I'd always tried to map out my life. Mainly because my parents' divorce was unexpected, and I was trying to keep the word 'unexpected' out of my life permanently.

"Did you get a chance to mingle with our neighborhood yet?" Dad asked as he sliced into his steak.

"No," I pressed my fork into the mashed potatoes. I wasn't really hungry tonight. "Um, with one exception."

"Who?"

"Mason."

"Ah, Mason. Good kid. He comes around here often."

"Uh, that's kinda how I met him."

"Too bad his dad isn't around."

"What?"

"Mason's dad is some big actor in Hollywood. His parents divorced when he was really little, since his mom didn't want to have to put Mason through Hollywood. She wanted him to be as normal as possible. Mason and his mother are really close."

"Um, okay."

Yet that sounded strangely familiar, like what had happened with Mom and Dad. I had always been closer to Mom than to Dad. Dad had left because of a job opportunity. Mom didn't want to move again, sick of having to change just because Dad couldn't stand his old job. We'd moved four times in the span of six months when they were together.

I pulled up to the high school. First day. New kid. And right before the fourth quarter started. When all the cliques had been established. When people determined whether you were in or

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I had been somewhat popular in middle school, but I never got to go to the parties I didn't dislike. The general population was...  
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"New girl!" a voice behind called.

I turned around and suddenly found myself looking up into the hazel eyes of Mason.

"Hey," Mason saluted me with two fingers. "I was thinking about you."

Something about his words made my heart flutter but I managed to play cool. "Oh really?"

"Yeah," Mason nodded. "I forgot to ask you whether or not you were a senior or whether or not you were home schooled."

"Senior, yes, home schooled, no."

Does Mason look relieved? It could just be a figment of my imagination, but I choose to ignore it.

"I was just going to invite you to sit with us at lunch. What lunch do you have?"

"B."

"Cool. We have the same lunch."

"How will I find you?"

"You just will. See you later, Lizzie."

And just like that, Mason's gone.

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